

Judged as a Motion Picture Soldier,
Axel Is a Pretty Fair Paper-Hanger!

New York, Friday.

September 11, 1914

The Evening World.

If You'd Heard What Mary's Folks Heard,
You'd Have Thought the Same as They Did!

"S'MATTER POP!"

By C. M. Payne



FLOOY AND AXEL

By Vic



THE MARRYING OF MARY

By Thornton Fisher



Hickville Doings

From Our Hickville Correspondent
Hazen Conklin

PERSONALS AND LOCALS.

BERT BELL has hung out his shingle as a insurance agent, being ready to insure Hickvillians agin dyin, burnin up and havin accidents to happen to them. Amos Crabb, our local sneerer, told Bert he'd better take out a policy on himself, for if any Hickvillians sit landed it will be a accident. Also he sneered that there wouldn't be no use tryin to insure the town itself, as it was already considerable dead.

Earn Hicks Jr., son of our local Cressus, who is learnin to run his pa's new autymobiel, says as how it ain't no job to make it run. The difficulty is to make it run where he wants to go.

Here is some more sneers sneered by Amos Crabb, our local sneerer:

If there was a law compellin folks to run up to their premises there'd be a sight fencer made.

There's a lot of folks who could make considerable more hay while the sun shines if they'd utilize the rainy days

gettin their implements in workin shape.

When you hear a man boastin how good he is it's a safe bet that there ain't nobody in town distance who's familiar with his record.

If "the which is father to the thought" there's a sight of folks who are mentally childless.

Dud Cooke has been appointed city engineer of Hickville, which ain't no city and which ain't got nothin to engineer. But Dud wanted sumthin to show he was studyin engineerin, and Town Clerk Hippolyte Harkness give him the job as long as there wasn't no salary to pay. Dud's feelin mighty set up at bein a person with a title. He's havin official stationery printed, which he says is quite fittin seen as how he's by way of bein a stationary engineer.

Aunt Jane Taggart has bin under the weather the last few days. By mistake she et some of the vittles she'd cooked up for her city boarders 'sted of her private fodder she usually prepares.

Silas Madder was finishin up cuttin his oats yestiddy when a big black snake drew his attention waitin around on the ground and actin jest like he was fightin sunthin. Silas happened to look over to where his applejack jug was restin under an alder clump, and he see it was on its side with the cork out. He run over and found the jug empty and the cork out. There wasn't none of the applejack spilt on the ground, so he knowed it had bin drank. Knowin blacksnakes milk cows, he had his suspicions where the applejack went to. So he killed the snake and sure enough it was chock full of applejack. Silas has figured out now who the snake acted like it did. It had the "D. T.'s" and was fightin the other snakes it saw.

Rev. East has handed in his resignation to the local church, he havin received a call to the church at Hickory Junction at a salary \$200 a year more'n he's bin gettin here. Amos Crabb, our local sneerer, says it ain't a "call," but a "rally."

HOW MUCH LONGER?



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By Robert Minor



The Day's Good Stories

Not figured, just decided.

RECENTLY, in a justice court in the State of Kansas, some wheat in the stack had been attached, and it became necessary, through an order of the Court, to have the same threshed.

One of the workmen among the threshers put in a voucher for \$11, which seemed entirely too high to the Court.

The Court questioned the workman concerning his labor, and asked him how much he charged per day for his labor. The laborer replied: "Three dollars."

The Court then asked him how many days he worked, and the workman replied: "Two days."

The Court then asked the laborer how he figured the bill at \$11, since he only worked two days at \$3 per day. The witness replied: "I didn't figure it; I just decided on it."—West's Record.

Cried All the Time.

THE conversation at a recent smokefest turned to the wonderful ways of the youngsters, when Congressman James T. Hefflin was reminded of little Tommy's tears.

Hearing a sound like sobs sobbing the other day, mother hastened to investigate and found Tommy deep in sobful distress. Close by stood brother Jimmy, two years older.

"Jimmy," demanded the mother, looking from one to the other, "what's the matter with your brother Tommy?"

"He is crying," explained Jimmy.

won't give him any. "That's not nice," said mother, severely. "Is his own cake finished?" "Yes, ma'am," answered Jimmy, "and he cried while I was eating that, too."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

The Necessary Glass.

"YES, my friends," exclaimed a lecturer, "there are many excuses for the glass. The sick man says he must have his glass to make him well. The shivering taxi-man must have his glass to make him warm. The sweating mechanic must have his glass to make him cool."

"But they lie, friends. Don't believe the workman who says he can't work without his glass. I defy anybody to mention to me a workman who can't not work as well and better without his glass as with it."

A voice in the back of the hall made itself audible: "I'll tell yer one!"

"I defy you to do so," said the lecturer. Then the voice observed: "The glasser can't do without his glass."

The lecturer continued his oration at a decided disadvantage—London Tit-Bits.



"NORMAN"

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